THE LONDON SPY.

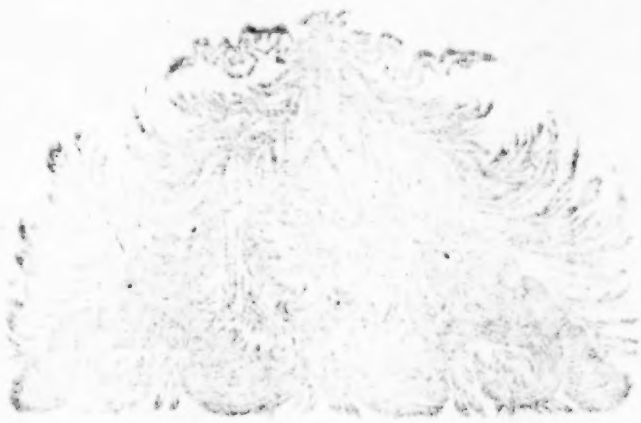
For the *Month* of *April*, 1699.

PART VI.

By the Author of the Trip to *JAMAICA.*

The Third Edition.

LONDON,
Printed and Sold by *J. How*, in the *Ram-Head-Inn-Yard* in *Fanchurch-Street*, 1701.



BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE

THE LONDON SPY.

WE now proceeded to ſurvey *Phyſicians-Colledge*, which we found Illuſtrated with ſo Loft and large a *Porticum*, that when we had enter'd it, we were no more in Proportion to the ſpacious Lanthorn o'er our Heads, than a Cricket to a Bisket-Bakers Oven, or *Tom-Thumb* to the Pudding-Bowl. Pray, ſaid I, what is the uſe of that great Painted Tub that ſtands upon Wheeles? It looks as if it was deſign'd as a Whimſical Cottage for ſome Maggot-Brain'd *Diogeneſs:* I hope there are no ſuch fantaſtical Humoriſts among this Learned Society? No, no, reply'd my Friend, you are very much beſide the Cuſhion; that Engine is a kind of a *Syrringe*, deſign'd to cure ſuch Houſes by Injection, that are under an Inflamation: From whence a Learned Phyſician of theſe times, took up a New Notion of curing a *Gonorhea*, till by the Practice of his upſtart Meaſures, he has Pox'd half the Town, to the great ſatisfaction of his Fraternity, but ſo much to the Plague and Terrour of his Patients, that it is believ'd fallen Noſes will be as Faſhionable about *Soho* and *Pickadilly* in a little time, as Scars amongſt Prize-Fighters, or ſhort Snouts among Ladies Lap-Dogs. Pray, ſaid I, explain your Allegory; I do not readily underſtand what you mean by your *Syrringe*, &c. Why, if you muſt have it in plain terms, ſays he, that which I term'd ſo, is a Device to caſt Water into Houſes that by accident have taken *Fire*; from whence, I ſuppoſe, the Doctor undertook to extinguiſh, after the like manner, all *Venereal* heats ſtruck by Humane *Stones* and *Steel*, into the *Tinder-Box* of Generation.

There are a Couple of fine Statues, plac'd oppoſite to each other, pray who do they Repreſent? The one, ſays my Friend, is the Kings, and the other that Worthy Charitable good Chriſtian Sir *John Cutler*, who, as a means, I ſuppoſe, the better to ſecure his own Health, and Long Life, by the faithful aſſiſtance of this Anti-mortal Society, was in his Life-time ſo great a Benefactor to this Learned Corporation, that when the Fire in

Sixty

Sixty ſix, had conſum'd their Colledge in *Amen-Corner*, and the Ground being but a Leaſe, he lent them Money to Purchaſe this Foundation, and to Build thereon this ſtately Edifice; which they, thro' the miſtaken hopes they had of his Generoſity, receiv'd from him as a Gift, and to expreſs their Gratitude, for ſo Bountiful a Donation, have Publickly return'd him thanks, for what the Mudling *Cræſus* never intended to perform, Dedicating ſeveral Books to him, wherein, like poor Poets, they expreſs'd their unparalell'd Veneration to ſo Liberal a Patron, till at laſt their flatteries had ſo prevail'd upon the frankneſs of his humour, that he thank'd them kindly for their thanks, and prais'd them highly for their praiſes; but told them plainly, He fear'd there was a Miſunderſtanding between them, for that he had not given them a Groat, as he knew on, but only aſſiſted them at an unhappy Juncture, with the Lent of ſome Money, to recover their ancient Grandure, then buried in Aſhes, which he expected in a little time they would make a juſt Return of. This Diſappointment ſo aſtomiſh'd the *Gallenian* Fraternity, that they look'd as Diſconſolate one upon another, as ſo many broken Gameſters at a Hazard-table, hoping his Worſhip would take it into his further Conſideration, and not give them ſo bitter a Pill to Purge out the grateful Reliſh of ſo ſweet an Expectancy as they had been under. A little time after this Conference had paſs'd between 'em, the pale-fac'd Maſter of the Ceremonies conducted the old Gentleman to the next World, in Mercy to his Surviving Relations, who have ſince demanded the Money of the Colledge, the dread of Refunding which, having put ſome of them into as Looſe a condition, as if they had lately fed upon nothing but their own Phyſick.

What Priviledges, ſaid I, extraordinary are Granted to them in their Charter, above what are held by other Phyſicians, who are not of their Society? Many, reply'd my Friend, and theſe in particular, *viz.* No Perſon, tho' a Graduate in Phyſick of *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, and a Man of more Learning, Judgment, and Experience than one half of their Members, ſhall have the liberty of Practiſing in, or within ſeven Miles of *London*, without Licenſe under the Colledge Seal, or any other part of *England*, if they have not taken ſome Degree at one of the Univerſities; they have alſo power to adminiſter an Oath, which they know by Experience, is as Practicable to be broke the next day as 'tis to be taken; they can likewiſe Fine and Impriſon Offenders, in the Science of Phyſick, and all ſuch who preſume to Cure a Patient, when they have given 'em over, by more excellent Meaſures than ever were known by their Ignorance; they have alſo the Priviledge of making By-Laws, for the Intereſt of themſelves, and Injury of the Publick, and can purchaſe Lands in Right of their Corporation, if they could but find Money to pay for 'em; they have authority to examine the Medicines in all *Apothecaries* Shops, to Judge of the Wholeſomneſs and Goodneſs of many Drugs and Compoſitions they never yet underſtood; they are likewiſe exempt from troubleſome Offices, as *Jury-men*, *Conſtables*, &c. Being no ways oblig'd to keep Watch or Ward, except with a Rich Patient, where they are aſſur'd to be well paid for their Labour; they have alſo the liberty to Kill as many as they pleaſe, provided they do it *Secundum Artem*, and no Law ſhall call them to account. They are freed from the bearing of *Arms*, or providing of *Ammunition*, except *Pill*, *Bolus*, or *Potion*, or ſuch as Deſtroy the Bodies of Sick Perſons they know not how to Cure; Any Member of the Colledge,

edge may Practice Chirurgery, if he will but take pains to underſtand it. They lately Committed a more able *Phyſician* than themſelves, without Baile or Main-prize, for Male-Practice, in Curing a Woman of a dangerous Ulcer in her Bladder, by the uſe of *Cantharides*, which they affirm not fit for Internal Application, tho' the Patients Life was ſav'd by taking on't; which ſhows they hold it a greater Crime to *Cure* out of the Common Method than it is to *Kill* in it: And in Proſecuting their Antagoniſt for the contempt of *Gallen* and *Hipocrates*, they charg'd him with Evil Practice, for doing that Good which they themſelves wanted either will or knowledge to perform, and made themſelves all Fools in attempting to prove the other a Knave, who procur'd his Diſcharge at the *Kings-Bench-Bar* without a Tryal, and now ſues them for falſe Impriſonment; and has inform'd againſt 'em in the *Crown-Office*, as common Diſturbers.

They rail mightily in their Writings againſt the Ignorance of *Quacks* and *Mountebanks*, yet, for the ſake of *Lucre*, they Licenſe all the Cozening Pretenders about Town, or they could not Practice; which ſhows it is by their Tolleration that the People are cheated out of their Lives and Money; and yet they think themſelves ſo Honeſt, as to be no ways anſwerable for this Publick Injury; as if they could not Kill People faſt enough themſelves, but muſt depute all the Knaves in the Town to be Death's Journymen. Thus do they Licenſe what they ought carefully to Suppreſs; and Practice themſelves what they Blame and Condemn in others; And that the Town may not be Deceiv'd by *Apothecaries*, they have made themſelves *Medicine-Mongers*, under a pretence of ſerving the Publick with more faithful Preparations; in order to perſwade the World to a belief of which, they have Publiſh'd Bills, where, in the true *Quacks* Dialect, they tell you the Poor ſhall be ſupply'd for nothing; but whoever is ſo Needy as to make a Challenge of their Promiſe empty handed, will find, according to the *Mountebanks* ſaying, *No Money, No Cure.* The diſpoſal of their Medicines they leave to a Boy's Management, who ſcarce knows *Mercurius Dulcis* from *White-Sugar*, or *Mint-Water* from *Aqua fortis*: So that People are likely to be well ſerv'd, or Preſcriptions truly obſerv'd, by ſuch an Agent.

From thence my Friend conducted me to *Bridewell*, being Court day, to give me the Diverſion of ſeeing the Letchery of ſome Town Ladies cool'd by a Cat of Nine-tailes: But in our Paſſage thither meeting with ſome remarkable Accidents, I think it may contribute ſomething to the Readers ſatisfaction to give a Rehearſal of them.

As we came down *Ludgate-hill*, a couple of *Town Bullies* (as I ſuppoſe by their Behaviour) met each other, *Damn ye, Sir*, ſays one, *why did you not meet me Yeſterday Morning according to Appointment? Damn you, Sir, for a Cowardly Pimp*, reply'd the other, *I was there, and waited till I was Wet to the Skin, and you never came at me. You lie like a Villain*, ſays to'ther, *I was there, and ſtay'd the time of a Gentleman; and draw now, and give me Satisfaction like a Man of Honour, or I'll Cut your Ears off. You ſee*, ſays the Valiant Adverſary, *I have not my Fighting Sword on, and hope you are a Man of more Honour than to take the Advantage of a Gentleman. Then go home and fetch it*, ſays *Don Furioſa*, like a Man of Juſtice, *and meet me within an Hour in the* Kings-Bench-Walks *in the* Temple, *or the next time*

I ſee you, by Jove's Thunder-bolts, *I will Pink as many Eylet-holes in your Skin, as you have Button-holes in your Coat; and therefore have a Care how you Treſpaſs upon my Patience. Upon the Reputation of a Gentleman, I will Punctually meet you at your Time, and Place*; reply'd the other, and ſo they Parted.

Bullies, like Dunghill-Cocks, will ſtrut and Crow,
But few or none dare ſtand the ſparring Blow,
So does the Peeviſh Mungril take delight
To ſnap and ſnarl, ſhow Teeth, but dare not Bite;
Oft Miſchief makes, but ſtill the danger ſhuns;
He Creeps and Fawns, or elſe turns Tail and Runs.
So Cowards often do their Swords Unſheath,
But Cow'd and Daunted with the fear of Death,
Thus Tamely ſhow their Blades, as fearful Curs their Teeth.

We mov'd on till we came to *Fleet-Bridge*, where Nuts, Ginger-bread, Oranges and Oyſters, lay Pil'd up in Moveable Shops that run upon Wheeles, attended by Ill-looking Fellows, ſome with but one Eye, and others without Noſes. Over againſt theſe ſtood a parcel of *Trugmoldie's*, in Straw-Hats and Flat-Caps, ſelling Socks and Furmity, Night-Caps and Plumb-Pudding. Juſt as we paſs'd by, a Feud was kindling between two Rival Females, who from the Brimſtone of *Luſt*, had blown up ſuch a Fire of *Jealouſie* between 'em, that one call'd the other Adulterous Bitch; and charg'd her with Lying with her Husband, and Robbing her of his Love: Then falling into Tears, expreſs'd herſelf further in theſe Words, *Have I lent you the Money out of my Pocket, the Gown off my Back, and my Petticoat off my Arſe, to be thus ungratefully rewarded? You know, Huſſie, I have given you the very Bread out of my Mouth; but before you ſhall take my Bedfellow from my Belly, you Whore, I'll Tare your Eyes out*; and then, with Teeth and Nails, made a Violent aſſault upon her Rival, who Roar'd out for help, and crying out ſhe was quick with Child, the Mobb hearing her plead her Belly, were moved to Compaſſion, and ſo parted 'em, their Coifs having receiv'd the greateſt Dammage in the Fray.

Juſt as the Squabble was ended, before the Rabble was diſpers'd, who ſhould be ſtumbling along upon his Hide-bound Prancer, but one of the *Horſe Mountebanks*, who ſeeing ſo rare an opportunity to hold forth to a Congregation already aſſembled, Spurs up his Foundred *Pegaſus*, and haults into the middle of the Crowd, plucks out a Pacquet of Univerſal *Hodg-Podg*, and thus begins an Oration to the Liſtening Herd.

Gentlemen, you that have a Mind to be mindful of preſerving a ſound Mind in a ſound Body, that is, as the Learned Phyſician, Doctor Honorificabilitudinitatibuſque *has it*, Manis Sanaque in Cobile Saniquorum, *may here, at the expence of Two-pence, furniſh himſelf with a parcel, which tho' it is but ſmall, yet containeth mighty things, of great Uſe, and Wonderful Operation in the Bodies of Mankind, againſt all Diſtempers, whether* Homogeneal *or* Complicated; *whether deriv'd from your* Parents, *got by* Infection, *or proceeding from an ill Habit of your own Body.*

In the firſt Place, Gentlemen, I here preſent you with a little inconſiderable Pill to look at, you ſee not much bigger than a Corn of Pepper, yet in this Diminutive

minutive Panpharmica, *ſo powerful in effect, and of ſuch excellent Vertues, that if you have Twenty Diſtempers lurking in the Maſs of Blood, it ſhall give you juſt Twenty Stools, amd every time it Operates it carries off a Diſtemper; but if your Blood's Wholeſome, and your Body's Sound, it will work with you no more than the ſame quantity of Ginger-bread. I therefore call it, from its admirable Qualities,* Pillula Tondobula, *which ſignifies, in the Greek,* The Touch-ſtone of Nature: *For by taking of this Pill you will truly diſcover what ſtate of Health or Infirmity, your Conſtitution is then under.*

In the next Place, Gentlemen, I preſent you with an excellent outward application, call'd, a Plaiſter; good againſt all Green Wounds, Old Fiſtula's and Ulcers, Pains and Aches, Contuſions, Tumours or Kings-Evil, Sprains, Fractures, or Diſlocations, or any Hurts whatſoever, receiv'd either by Sword, Cane, or Gun-ſhot, Knife, Saw, or Hatchet, Hammer, Nail, or Tenter-hook, Fire, Blaſt, or Gunpowder, &c. *And will continue its Vertue beyond Credit; and will be found as uſeful ſeven Years hence as at this preſent Moment, that you may lend it to your Neighbours in the time of Diſtreſs and Affliction; and when it has perform'd Fourty Cures, 'twill be ne'er the Worſe, but ſtill retain its Integrity.* Probatum Eſt.

The next unparalell'd Medicine contain'd in this my little Two-penny Beneficence, is an admirable Powder, good to fortifie the Stomach againſt all Infections, Unwholeſome Damps, Malignant Effluvia's that ariſe from Putri'd Bodies; and the like. It alſo is a rare Cordial to ſtrengthen and chear the Heart under any Misfortune; and will procure ſuch an Appetite, being drank a little before Dinner, that a Man of an ordinary Stomach may Eat a Pound of Suffolk Cheeſe, *and twice the quantity of Rye-Bread, and ſtill have as good an Appetite to a Sirloin of Roaſt Beeff, as if he had not eat a bit in a Fortnight. This moſt excellent Preparation is alſo the moſt powerful* Antivermineous *Medicine ever given in* England, Scotland, France *or* Ireland; *and if either your ſelves, or your Children are troubl'd with that Epidemical Diſtemper, Worms, which deſtroy more Bodies than either* Plague, Peſtilence, *or* Famine, *give, or take this infus'd in a little warm Ale, inſtead of* Wormſeed *and* Treacle, *and you will find theſe devouring Vermin, theſe Deaths Agents, that Burrow in our Bodies, as Rabbits in a Warren, come creeping out at both Ends, like Lice out of a Beggars Dublet when he hangs it in the Sunſhine. It is alſo a moſt rare Dentrificis, and cleanſes all foul, and faſtens all looſe Teeth, to a Miracle. This Powder I call my* Pulvis Lubberdatus, *becauſe in my Travels I firſt gave it amongſt the* Dutch *when I was a Student at* Leydon: *Where, Gentlemen, I would have you to know, I took my Degrees, altho' I expoſe my ſelf to the Worlds Cenſures, by appearing thus Publick, for the Good of my own Countrey, which at all times (it's well known) I have been very ready to ſerve.*

The laſt, and moſt uſeful Medicine prepar'd throughout the whole Univerſe, is this my Orvieton, *whoſe Vertues are ſuch, it will, equally with the Unicorns-Horn, expel the Rankeſt Poiſon. It is abſolutely Neceſſary for all Perſons to carry in their Pockets, for who knows how the Paſſions of Love, Fear, Anger, Deſpair, Jealouſie, or the like, by the ſubtle inſinuation of* Satan, *who is watchful of all opportunities, may prevail upon you to offer violence to your moſt pretious Lives, by taking Rats-bane, Mercury, Arſnick, Opium, and the like. Why, who, I ſay, would be without a Medicine, to relieve themſelves under ſuch Misfortunes, which would not only hurry 'em to Death, but to Damnation? It is alſo the beſt* Sudarifick,

in

in all Colds and Feavers that ever can poſſibly be taken; working out the diſtemper by gentle Perſpiration, and fortifies the Heart againſt all Fainting and Swooning, alſo the Brain againſt all Dizzineſs and Swimming; and is, upon the word of a Phyſician, the greateſt Cordial the moſt Eminent Doctor can Preſcribe, or Patient take.

*I do aſſure you, Gentlemen, the Colledge of Phyſicians offer'd to admit me as a Member of their Society, if I would make but a diſcovery only to themſelves of this moſt excellent and admirable Secret; No, hold you me there a little, Gentlemen, (*ſaid I*) I ſhall then make you as Wiſe as my Self, and ſhould I do that, pray who would be a Fool then? Why truly my ſelf, for I would have you to know, Gentlemen, I have more manners than to reflect upon ſuch a learned Society.*

This piece of Impudence ſo tickled the Ears of the Brainleſs multitude, that they began with as much eagerneſs to untie their Purſes, and the Corners of their Handkerchiefs, and were as free of their pence, as they would be to buy Apples by the Pound, or ſee a Poppet-ſhow; that it was as much as ever the Doctor could do to deliver out his Phyſick faſt enough; his induſtrious Lies taking as well with the Mob, as a Treaſonable Ballad, or a diſguſted Statemans Pamphlet, upon the turn of a Government. Thus they continued flinging away their Money, of all Ages, from Sixty to Sixteen; many of them looking as if they could ſcarce command as much more till next *Saturday* Night they received their Wages; Till either the Doctor broke the Crow'd of their Money, or the Crowd the Doctor of his Phyſick, I know not whether; but away Trotted he on Horſe-back with their Pence, whilſt his Patients were glad to Trudg away on foot with his Pacquets.

Pray, ſays my Friend, what do you think? Is it not a Shame to our Engliſh Phyſicians to ſuffer ſuch a parcel of Ignorant, Illiterate, and Impudent Vagabonds to Cozen poor Innocent Wretches out of their Money Publickly in the Streets, who want it themſelves to purchaſe Bread and Neceſſaries? I can't imagine what can be urg'd as an excuſe for the Tollerating ſuch Raſcals to drain the Pockets of the Poor by prepoſterous Lies, jumbled into a Senſeleſs Cant, to perſwade the People to believe them really that, to which they are only a Scandal. And as a means to diſſwade the Publick from their fooliſh Opinion of theſe Emperical Vagabonds, or their Medicines, which are only made from a parcel of periſh'd Drugs, ground promiſcuouſly together, without Art or Rule, and ſo made up into ſundry ſorts of ſpecies, to allure the Ignorant; I have here given a true portraicture of ſuch a Scandalous Fellow, who makes it his Buſineſs to Cheat the common-people by his lying Aſſertions, and fallacious Inſinuations, not only out of their Money, but often out of their Health, which is far more valuable.

A Character of a Quack.

A Shame to Art, to Learning, and to Sence;
A Foe to Vertue, Friend to Impudence;
Wanting in Natures Gifts and Heaven's Grace,
An Object Scandalous to Human Race;

A Spurious Breed by ſome Jack-Adams *got;*
Born of ſome Common Monſtrous God-knows-what:
Into the World no Woman ſure could bring
So vile a Birth, ſuch an Unman-like thing.
Train'd from his Cradle up in Vices School,
To Tumble, Dance the Rope, and Play the Fool.
Thus Learn'd he ſtroles with ſome Illit'rate Quack,
Till by long Travels he acquires the Knack,
To make the ſweepings of a Drugſters ſhop,
Into ſome unknown Univerſal ſlop:
On which ſome ſenſeleſs Title he beſtows,
Tho' what is in't, nor Buy'r or Seller knows.
Then Lazy grown, he doth his Booth forſake,
Quitting the Rope and Hoop, and ſo turns Quack.
Thus by baſe means to Live, does worſe purſue;
And Gulls the Poor of Life and Money too.

From thence we took a turn down by the Ditch-ſide, I deſiring my Friend to inform me what great Advantages this coſtly Brook contributed to the Town, to Countervail the Expence of Seventy four Thouſand Pounds, which I read in a very Credible Author was the Charge of its making: He told me he was wholly unacquainted with any, unleſs it was now and then to bring up a few Chaldron of Coles to two or three pedling *Fewel-Merchants*, who ſells them never the cheaper to the Poor for ſuch a Conveniency: And as for thoſe Cellars you ſee on each ſide, deſign'd for Ware-houſes, they are render'd by their dampneſs ſo unfit for that purpoſe, that they are wholly uſeleſs, except for Lightermen to lay their Tailes in, or to harbour Frogs, Toads, and other Vermin. The greateſt good that ever I heard it did, was to the Undertaker, who is bound to acknowledge he has found better Fiſhing in a muddy Stream, than ever he did in clear Water.

We then turn'd into the Gate of a ſtately Edifice, my Friend told me was *Bridewell*, which to me ſeem'd rather a Princes Palace, than a Houſe of Correction, till gazing round me, I ſaw in a large Room a parcel of Ill-looking Mortals ſtripp'd to their Shirts like Hay-makers, pounding a Pernicious Weed, which I thought from their unlucky-aſpects, ſeem'd to threaten their Deſtruction. Theſe, ſaid I, to my Friend, I ſuppoſe are the Offenders at work; pray what do you think their Crimes may be? Truly ſaid he, I cannot tell you; but if you have a mind to know, ask any of them their Offence, and they will ſoon ſatisfie you. Prethee, Friend, ſaid I, to a Surly Bull-neck'd Fellow, who was thumping as lazily at his Wooden-Anvil as a Ship-Carpenter at a Log in the Kings-yard at *Deptford*, What are you Confin'd to this Labour for? My Hempen Operator, leering over his Shoulder, caſt at me one of his hanging Looks, which ſo frighten'd me, I ſtep'd back, for fear he ſhould have knock'd me on the Head with his Beetle, *Why, if you muſt know, Mr.* Tickle-Taile, ſays he, taking me, as I believe, being in Black, for ſome Country Pedagogue, *I was committed hither by Juſtice* Clodpate, *for ſaying I had rather hear a Blackbird Whiſtle* Walſingham, *or a Peacock Scream againſt Foul Weather, than a Parſon talk Nonſence in a Church, or a Fool talk Latin in a Coffee-Houſe: And I'll be Judg'd by you that are a Man of Judgment, whether in all I ſaid*

there

there be one Word of Treaſon to deſerve a Whipping-Poſt. The Impudence of this Canary-Bird ſo daſh'd me out of Countenance, together with his unexpected Anſwer, that like a Man Surfeited with his Miſtreſſes Favours, I had nothing to ſay, but heartily wiſh'd my ſelf well out of their Company; and juſt as we were turning back to avoid their further Sawcineſs, another calls to me, *Hark you Maſter in Black, of the ſame colour of the Devil, can you tell me how many thamps of this Hammer will ſoften the Hemp ſo as to make a Halter ſit Eaſie if a Man ſhould have occaſion to wear one?* A third crying out, *I hope, Gentlemen, you will be ſo Generous to give us ſomething to Drink, for you don't know but we may be hard at Work for you?* We were glad with what expedition we could, to eſcape their Impudence. Going from the Work-room to the Common-ſide, or place of Confinement (where they are lock'd up at Night,) thro' the frighttul Grates of which uncomfortable Appartment, a Ghaſtly Skeleton ſtood peeping, that from his terrible Aſpect, I thought ſome power Immortal had Impriſon'd Death that the World might Live for ever. I could not ſpeak to him without dread of danger, leaſt when his lips open'd to give me an anſwer, he ſhould poiſon the Air with his contagious Breath; and Communicate to me the ſame Peſtilence which had brought his infected Body to a diſmal Anatomy: Yet mov'd with pity towards ſo ſad an Object, I began to enquire into the Cauſes of his ſad appearance, who, after a Penitential Look, that call'd for Mercy and Compaſſion, with much difficulty he rais'd his feeble Voice a degree above ſilence; and told me he had been Sick Six-weeks under that ſad Confinement, and had nothing to comfort him but Bread and Water, with now and then the refreſhment of a little ſmall-beer. I ask'd him further, what Offence he had Committed that brough him under this unhappineſs? To which he anſwer'd, He had been a great while diſcharg'd of all that was charg'd againſt him, and was detain'd only for his Fee's; which, for want of Friends, being a Stranger in the Town, he was totally unable to raiſe. I ask'd him what his Fees amounted to; who told me *Five-Groats*. Bleſs me! Thought I, what a Rigorous Uncharitable thing is this, that ſo Noble a Gift, intended, when firſt given, to ſo good an End, ſhould be thus perverted! And what was deſign'd to prevent People's falling into Miſery, thro' Lazineſs or Ill-Courſes, ſhould now be corrupted by ſuch Unchriſtian Confinement, as to Starve a poor Wretch becauſe he wants Money to ſatisfie the demands of a Mercenary *Cerberus*, when diſcharg'd of the Priſon by the Court! Such ſevere, nay Barbarous Uſage, is a ſhame to our Laws, and unhappineſs to our Nation, and a ſcandal to Chriſtianity.

From thence we turn'd into another Court, the Buildings being like the former, Magnificently Noble; where ſtraight before us was another Grate, which prov'd the Women's Appartment: we follow'd our Noſes and walk'd up to take a view of their Ladies, who we found were ſhut up as cloſe as Nuns; but like ſo many Slaves, were under the Care and Direction of an Over-ſeer, who walk'd about with a very flexible Weapon of Offence, to Correct ſuch hempen Journy-women who were unhappily troubled with the Spirit of Idleneſs. Theſe ſmelt as frowſily as ſo many Goats in a Welſh Gentlemans Stable, or rather a Litter of piſs tail Children under the care of a Pariſh Nurſe; and look'd with as much Modeſty as ſo many *Newgate* Saints Canoniz'd at the *Old-Baily*; being all as Merry over their ſhameful Drudgery, notwithſtanding

their

their miſerable Circumſtances, as ſo many Jolly *Criſpin's* in a Garret, or *Vulcan's* in a Cellar o'er the merry Clinks of their Anvil. Some ſeem'd ſo very Young, that I thought it ſtrange they ſhould know Sin enough at thoſe Years to bring them ſo early into a State of Miſery: Others ſo Old, that one would think the dread of the Grave, and thoughts of Futurity, were ſufficient to reclaim 'em from all Vice had they been train'd up never ſo Wickedly; ſome between both, in the Meridian of their Years, and were very pretty, but ſeem'd very Lewd, that *Meſſalina*-like, they might be Tired, but never Satisfied. *Pray, Sir,* ſays one of them, *how do you like us? You look very wiſtfully at us? What do you think of us?* Why, truly, ſaid I, I think you have done ſomething to deſerve this Puniſhment, or elſe you would not be here. *If you'll believe me, without Bluſhing, I'll tell you the Truth: I happen'd to live with an Old Rogue of a* Haberdaſher, *and when my Miſtreſs was out of the way, he us'd to tickle my Lips with a Pen-feather, and at laſt ſhe Catch'd us, and had me before Juſtice* Over-doe, *who Committed me hither, where I have had more Laſhes of my Back, than ever my Belly deſerv'd.*

Don't believe her, Maſter, crys another, *She's as arrant a Strumpet as ever arn'd her Living at two-pence a Bout; and was Committed hither for Lying ſo long on her Back that her Rump grew to the Bed-Cloaths till ſhe could not riſe again. She's one of* Poſture Moll's *Scholars, and can ſhow you how the Watermen ſhoot* London-Bridge, *or how the Lawyers go to* Weſtminſter. *What do you think,* replys the other, *this Buttocking Brimſtone came hither for? I'll tell you, Maſter,* ſays ſhe, *becauſe I believe you have no good Gueſs with you, 'twas for Picking a Country-mans Pocket of his Pouch, and hiding on't in a Oven; but when ſhe came to be ſearch'd, the Fool having forgot to take up the ſtrings, was diſcover'd in her Roguery, and ſent here to be Laſh'd, and does not ſhe deſerve it, Sirs, for truſting Money in a Box, that has neither Lid nor Bottom to it?* I could not but wonder to hear this Impudence from Women, more eſpecially when I conſider'd they were under ſuch Shame, Miſery, and Puniſhment, which a Man might reaſonably imagine would work upon the moſt corrupted Minds to abominate thoſe baſe Practices which brought 'em to this Unhappineſs.

Being now both tired with, and amaz'd at, the Confidence and looſe Behaviour of theſe Degenerate Wretches, who had neither Sence of Grace, Knowledge of Virtue, Fear of Shame, or Dread of Miſery, my Friend Reconducted me back into the firſt Quadrangle, and led me up a pair of Stairs into a ſpacious Chamber, where the Court was ſat in great Grandure and Order. A Grave Gentleman, whoſe Awful Looks beſpoke him ſome Honourable Citizen, being mounted in the Judgment-Seat, Arm'd with a Hammer, like a *Change-broker* at *Loyd's Coffee-Houſe*, and a Woman under the Laſh in the next Room, where Folding-Doors were open'd, that the whole Court might view the Puniſhment; at laſt down went the Hammer, and the Scourging ceas'd; that I proteſt, till I was undeceiv'd, I thought they had ſold their Laſhes by Auction; the Honourable Court, I obſerv'd, were chiefly attended by fellows in Blew Coats, and Women in Blew-Aprons. Another Accuſation being then deliver'd by a Flat-cap againſt a Poor Wench, who having no Friend to ſpeak in her behalf, Proclamation was made, *viz. All you who are willing that E——th T——ll, ſhould have preſent Puniſhment, Pray hold up your Hands:* Which was done

done accordingly: And then ſhe was immediately order'd the civility of the Houſe, and was forc'd to ſhow her tender Back, and tempting Bubbies to the Sages of the Grave Aſſembly, who were mov'd by her Modeſt Mein, together with the whiteneſs of her Skin, to give her but a gentle Correction.

Finding little knowledge to be gain'd from their proceedings, and leſs Pleaſure or Satisfaction from their Puniſhmens; my Friend and I thought it better to retire, and leave them to be Flog'd on till the Accuſers had all ſatisfied their Revenge, and the Spectators their Curioſity.

Now, ſays my Friend, Pray give me your thoughts of what you have ſeen, whether you think this ſort of Correction is a proper method to reform Women, from their Vitious Practices, or not? Why truly, ſaid I, if I muſt deliver my Opinion according to my real Sentiments, I only conceive it may make many Whores, but that it can in no meaſure reclaim 'em: And theſe are my Reaſons:

Firſt, If a Girl of Thirteen or Fourtten years of Age, as I have ſeen ſome ſuch here, either thro' the Ignorance, or Childiſhneſs of their Youth, or Unhappineſs of a ſtubborn Temper, ſhould be guilty of Negligence in their Buſineſs, or prove Head-ſtrong, Humourſome, or Obſtinate, and thro' an Ungovernable Temper, take Pleaſure to do things in diſobedience to the Will of their Maſter and Miſtreſs, or be guilty of a trifling Wrong or Injury, thro' inadvertency, they have Power at home to give them Reaſonable Correction, without expoſing 'em to this Shame and Scandal, which is never to be waſh'd off by the moſt reform'd Life imaginable, which unhappy ſtain makes them always ſhun'd by Vertuous and Good People, who will neither entertain a Servant, or admit of a Companion under this Diſparagement; the one being fearful of their Goods, and the other of their Reputation, till the poor Wretch by her Neceſſity is at laſt drove into the hands of Ill Perſons, and forc'd to betake herſelf to bad Converſation, till ſhe is inſenſibly Corrupted, and made fit for all Wickedneſs.

Secondly, I think it a ſhameful Indecency for a Woman to expoſe her Naked Body to the Sight of Men and Boys, as if it was rather deſign'd to feaſt the Eyes of the Spectators, or ſtir up the Beaſtly Appetites of Leacherous Perſons, than to correct Vice, or reform Manners; therefore I think it both more Modeſt, and more Reaſonable they ſhould receive their Puniſhment only in the view of Women, and by the hand of their own Sex.

Thirdly, As their Bodies by Nature are more tender, and their Conſtitutions allow'd more weak, we ought to ſhew them more Mercy, and not Puniſh them with ſuch Dog-like Uſage, unleſs their Crimes were Capital.

I believe, reply'd my Friend, you are aiming to Curry Favour with the fair Sex: This Lecture to a Town Lady, if you had a Mind to be wicked, would ſave you Money in your Pocket, tho' indeed, what you have urg'd

ſeems

ſeems no more than reaſonable: I think, I have now ſhow'd you all this place affords; ſo we'll take our Leaves on't, but I hope you will give us a few Lines upon it, and then we'll ſeek ſome new Diverſion. I could not but Gratifie my Friends Requeſt, and what I did to Oblige him, I here preſent unto the Reader.

On Bridewell.

'Twas once the Palace of a Prince,
If we may Books conſide-in,
But given was, by him long ſince,
For Vagrants to reſide-in.

The Crumbs that from his Table fell,
Once made the Poor the Fatter;
But thoſe that in its Confines dwell:
Now feed on Bread and Water.

No Ven'ſon now whereon to Dine;
No Frigaſies, or Haſhes,
No Balls, no Merriment, or Wine:
But Woful Tears and Slaſhes.

No Prince or Peers, to make a Feaſt:
No Kettle Drums, or Trumpets,
But art become a ſhameful Neſt
Of Vagabonds and Strumpets.

Where once the King, and Nobles ſat,
In all their Pomp and Splendor:
Grave City Grandeur, Nods its Pate,
And threatens each Offendor.

Unhappy thy Ignoble Doom,
Where Greatneſs once reſorted;
Now Hemp and Labour fills each Room,
Where Lords and Ladies ſported.

We now departed *Bridewell*; and willing to refreſh our ſelves with the ſmoaking of one Pipe, turn'd into a Neighbouring Coffee-houſe, where glancing upon an old *Flying-Poſt*, we put our ſelves in Mind of my Dame *Butterfield's* Invitation to her *Eſſex* Calf and Bacon, with her Six Braſs Horns, to accomodate Sports-men wth the delightful harmony of Hunting: And believing a Relation of this unuſual Feaſt might be Welcome to the Publick, my Friend and I agreed to move with the Stream; and give our ſelves a Country Walk to the Place appointed: I am ſenſible it is ſomething of a Digreſſion, or rather a Deviation from the Title: But tho' the *Feaſt* was in the *Country*, yet the *Gueſts* were *Londoners*; and therefore what we obſerve among 'em may be reaſonably admitted.

Fearing Time ſhould be Elaps'd, and cut ſhort our intended Paſtime, we Smoak'd our Pipes with greater Expedition, in order to proceed on our

Journey, which we began about Eleven a Clock; and marching thro' *Cheap-ſide*, found half the People we either met, or over-took, equip'd for Hunting; walking backwards and forwards, as I ſuppoſe, to ſhew one another their Accouterments. The City Beaus in Boots as black as Jet which ſhin'd, by much rubbing, like a ſtick of Ebony, their Heels arm'd with Spurs, the travelling Weapons to defend the Rider from the Lazineſs of his Horſe, carefully preſerv'd Bright in a Box of Cotton, and dazzled in the Eyes of each beholder like a piece of Looking-glaſs; their Waſtes hoop'd round with *Turkey*-Leather Belts, at which hung a Bagonet, or ſhort Scymitar, in order to cut their Miſtreſſes Names upon the Trees of the Forreſt: In the right Hand a Whip, mounted againſt the Breaſt like the Scepter of a Kings Statue upon the *Change*; adorn'd with twiſted Wigg's and Crown'd with edg'd Caſters; being all over in ſuch Prim and Order, that you could ſcarce diſtinguiſh them from Gentlemen. Amongſt 'em were many Ladies of the ſame Quality, ty'd up in Safeguards ſo be-knotted with two-penny Taffaty, that a Man might gueſs by their Finery, their Fathers to be Ribbond-Weavers. We crowded along, mix'd among the Herd; and could not but fancy the major part of the Citizens were Scampering out of town to avoid the *Horſe-Plague*. We mov'd forward, without any diſcontinuance of our Perambulation, till we came to the *Globe* at *Mile-End*, where a *Pretious Mortal* made us a *Short-hand* Complement, and gave us an Invitation to a Sir-Loine of Roaſt Beeff, out of which Corroborating Food we renew'd our Lives; and ſtengthening our Spirits with a Flask of rare Clarret, took leave of my Friends Acquantance; and ſo proceeded.

By this time the Road was full of Paſſengers, every one furniſh'd with no ſmall Appetite to *Veal* and *Bacon*. Citizens in Crowds, upon *Pads*, *Hackneys*, and *Hunters*; all upon the *Tittup*, as if he who Rid not a Gallop was to forfeit his Horſe. Some Spurring on with that ſpeed and chearfulneſs, as if they intended never to come back again: Some Double, and ſome Single. Every now and then drop'd a Lady from her Pillion, another from her Side-Saddle, ſome ſhowing the Milky-way to Bliſs, others their *Bugbears* to the Company, which, tho' it made them Bluſh, it made us Merry: Sometimes a Beau would tumble and dawb his Boots, which, to ſhew his Neatneſs, he would clean with his Handkerchief. *Horſes*, *Coaches*, *Carts*, *Waggons*, and *Tumblers*, all Occupy'd by *Men*, *Women*, *Children*, *Rich*, *Poor*, *Gentle*, and *Simple*, having all *Travelling Conveniencies* ſutable to their Quality. In this Order did we March, like *Aaron*'s Profelites, to Worſhip the Calf, till we came to the New-rais'd Fabrick, call'd *Mobs Hole*, where the Beaſt was to be Eaten. The Houſe was ſurrounded with the Mobility, that it look'd like the *Welſh-Cow-keepers Camp*, conſiſting of a number of both Sexes, of all ſorts and ſizes, ſufficient, inſtead of one, to have Eaten all the *Calves* in *Eſſex*. We preſs'd hard to get into the Houſe, which we found ſo full, that when I was in, what with the ſmell of Sweat, Stinking Breaths, and Tobacco, I thought there was but a few Gaſps between this Place and Eternity. Some were Dancing to a Bag-pipe, others Whiſtling to a Baſe-Violin, two Fidlers ſcraping *Lillaburlero*, my Lord Mayors Delight, upon a couple of Crack'd *Crowds*, and an old *Oliverian* Trooper Farting upon a Trumpet. My Friend and I being willing to get as far out of the Noiſe as we could, climb'd up into a Garret, where we found a ſingle Lady, in her Safeguard,

 rectifying

rectifying her Commode from the abuſes of the Wind; I thought my ſelf oblig'd in Civility, to make ſome little uſe of ſo fair an Opportunity; and accordingly Welcom'd her to *Mobs Hole*; and at laſt talk'd her into ſo compliant a humour, that I perceiv'd ſhe was as willing to give us her Company, as we could be to ask it; till we had brought our ſelves in danger of intailing that Trouble and Expence upon our ſelves, which, to tell you the truth, we thought it prudence to avoid; ſo by a cooler ſort of treatment than we firſt began with, we gave her delicious Ladyſhip ſome Reaſons to believe ſhe might go a little further and fare better; accordingly ſhe took her leave, and ſqueez'd down Stairs, to ſhew her Marmalet-Looks and Inviting Airyneſs upon the Parade; where, Tag, Rag, and Bob-taile, were promiſcuouſly Jumbled amongſt City Quality, from Beau to Booby, and the Merchants Lady to the Thumb-ring'd Ale-Wife.

Being now left by our ſelves, in a Room not much bigger than a Hogs-Head, furniſh'd with nothing but a little Bed-ſtead, and that of an uneaſie height to ſit on, that notwithſtanding our tedious walk of Seven long Miles, at our Journeys End we could find no Reſting-place; but either to lie down like Dogs, or lean like Elephants; finding as much difficulty to get a little Drink, by reaſon of their number, as the Rabble at a Conduit that runs Wine upon a States Holy-day: When with abundance of Pains, and as much Patience, we had Liquor'd our Throats with two or three ſlender-Body'd Mugs of Country Guzzle, we joſtled down two narrow Pair of Stairs, and encreas'd the numberleſs Throng of gazing Animals, who were differently diſpos'd to divers Exerciſes, ſome Craming down *Veal* and *Bacon*, to allay the fury of their Cormorant Appetites, having no Table-Cloath, but Graſs; or Seats, but Ground; others Projecting better for their Eaſe, had made a Table of a Horſe-block, and blow'd their Noſes in the ſame Napkins with which they wip'd their Fingers; ſome were Climb'd into an Arbour on the top of an old Tree, where they ſat Hooping and Hollowing, like ſo many Owls, but could get no body near 'em, to bring 'em either Drink or Victuals: Some Ladies in their Coaches Mask'd, who, I ſuppoſe, wanted to give ſome Cully a caſt home that would pay the Coachman, others on Horſe-back, Prefac'd, conducted thither by their Fathers Prentices, and many Hundreds of both Sexes on Foot, ſome Smoaking, ſome Drinking, others Curſing and Swearing, thro' want of that Refreſhment, which the more Induſtrious Spectators had very Painfully procur'd. In the Interim we were thus walking, to take Notice of the ſundry Humours and Tranſactions of the buzzing Multitude, came four Merry Dames in a Coach, and lighted by me, one trick'd up like an Old Maid with a Gold Chain about her Neck, Patches on a Wrinkled Face, and her Ill-ſhap'd Carcaſe ſplendidly ſet off with very Gay Apparel, her Eyes looking Angry with a hot Rheum caſt up into her Head by the ſtaleneſs of her Virginity, the reſt wore Motherly Countenances, and look'd as if they had underſtood Trap this Twenty Years, I Welcom'd them to *Mobs Hole*, and began to entertain 'em, with ſome talk applicable to the preſent Juncture; at laſt the old Gentlewoman, whom I ſuppos'd the Maid, took the freedom to ask me, *What it was a Clock by my Watch?* *Truly, Madam*, ſaid I, *I have not one about me; but if you pleaſe to turn your Head, and look at the Sun with thoſe Virgins Eyes of yours, a Lady of your Judgment may underſtand the Hour of the Day by his diſtance from the Horizon.* Says another of 'em, *May be the Gen-*

tlewomans

tlemans Watch is down, and he is aſhamed to ſhow it us. To which I Reply'd, *Indeed, Madam, if it be, I can ſee nothing in your Ladyſhips Face that will wind it up again. Why, Sir,* ſays a third, *does Faces uſe to wind up Watches? Yes, Madam,* anſwer'd I, *ſuch a one as I carry about me, which is made without Wheeles; and will give ſuch a Lady as you are, a better time of the Day when it's Standing, than other Watches do by their Motion. Bleſs me! Sir,* ſays the Forth, *yours is the ſtrangeſt Watch that I ever heard on; I wiſh you would be ſo kind to let a Body ſee it. Truly, Madam,* ſays I, *'tis without a Caſe; and unfit to be pluckt out in Publick Company, or otherways I would be very willing to Oblige you.* She Replying, *I am ſorry to hear it is ſo much out of Order; but if it wants nothing but a Caſe, you don't know but I may preſent you with one, if I think 'twill fit.* I found I ſhould be out talk'd upon this Subject, and was glad to make an excuſe to quit their further Converſation; and from thence went into the Kitchen, built up with Furzzes in the open Aire, to behold their Cookery; where the major part of the Calf was Roaſting upon a Wooden Spit: Two or three great Slivers he had loſt off his Buttocks, his Ribs par'd to the very Bone, with holes in his Shoulders each large enough to bury a *Sevil* Orange, that he look'd as if a Kennel of Hounds had every one had a Snap at him. Under him lay the Flitch of Roaſted Bacon, of ſuch an *Ethiopean* Complexion, that I ſhould rather have gueſs'd it the ſide of a *Blackamore*: It looking more like a *Canibals* Feaſt, than a *Chriſtian* Entertainment. My Appetite was ſo far from coveting a Taſte, that I had a full Meal at the very Sight of their Dainties; and I believe, for the future, ſhall have as great a kindneſs for *Veal* and *Bacon*, as an *Anabaptiſt Preacher* has for the *Church Liturgy*. Being ſoon Glutted with the view of this unuſual piece of Cookery, we departed thence, and hearing a great buſtle in the upper Room of an Out-Houſe, we went up Stairs to ſee what was the matter where we found a poor Fidler Scraping over the Tune of *Now Ponder well you Parents Dear*; and a parcel of Country People Dancing and Crying to't. The Remembrance of the Uuncles Cruelty to the poor Innocent Babes, and the *Robbin Red-Breaſts* Kindneſs, had fix'd in their very Looks ſuch Signs of Sorrow and Compaſſion, that their Dancing ſeem'd rather a *Religious Worſhip*, than a *Merry Recreation*. Having thus given our ſelves a Proſpect of all that the place afforded, we return'd to *Stratford*, where we got a Coach, and from thence to *London*.

FINIS.